



SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, is thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat in a fog in San Francisco bay, and becomes unconscious before help reaches him. On coming to his senses he finds himself aboard a sailing schooner, Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters, witnesses the death of the first mate and hears the captain curse the dead man for permitting to die. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." He begins to learn potato peeling and dish washing under the cockney cook, Murgidge, is caught by a heavy sea shipped over the quarter as he is carrying tea aft and his knee is seriously hurt, but no one pays any attention to his injury. Humphrey's quarters are changed aft. Murgidge steals his money and chases him when accused of it. Later he listens to Wolf give his idea of life—"like yeast, a ferment... the big eat the little... Cooky is jealous of Hump and hates him. Wolf hates a sea-man and makes it the basis for another philosophic discussion with Hump. Wolf entertains Murgidge in his cabin, wins from him at cards the money he stole from Hump, and then tells Hump it is his. Wolf, by right of might, Cooky and Hump wheel knives at each other. Hump's intimacy with Wolf increases, and Wolf sketches the story of his life to Hump. Wolf discusses the Bible, and Omar with Hump and illustrates the instinctive love of life by choking Hump nearly to death. A carnival of brutality breaks loose in the ship and Wolf proves himself the master brute. Wolf is knocked overboard at night, comes back aboard by the life-line and wins clear in a fight in the fore-castle.

CHAPTER XIII.

There was a deal of cursing and groaning as the men at the bottom of the ladder crawled to their feet.

"Somebody strike a light, my thumb's out of joint," said one of the men, Parsons, a swarthy, saturnine man, boat steerer in Standish's boat, in which Harrison was pulled.

"You'll find it knockin' about by the bits," Leach said, sitting down on the edge of the bunk in which I was concealed.

There was a fumbling and a scratching of matches, and the sea-lamp flared up, dim and smoky, and in its weird light bare-legged men moved about, nursing their bruises and caring for their hurts.

"How did he get away?" Johnson asked.

He was sitting on the side of his bunk, the whole pose of his figure indicating utter dejection and hopelessness. He was still breathing heavily from the exertion he had made. His shirt had been ripped entirely from him in the struggle, and blood from a gash in the cheek was flowing down his naked chest, marking a red path across his white thigh and dripping to the floor.

"Because he is a devil, as I told you before," was Leach's answer; and thereafter he was on his feet and raging his disappointment with tears in his eyes.

All the while I had been apprehensive concerning my own predicament. What would happen to me when these men discovered my presence? I could never fight my way out as Wolf Larsen had done. And at this moment Latimer called down the scuttles:

"Hump! The old man wants you!" called back.

"Yes he is," I said, sliding out of the bunk and striving my hardest to keep my voice steady and bold.

The sailors looked at me in consternation. "He ain't down here!" Parsons' voice was strong in their faces, and the devilishness which comes of fear.

"I'm coming!" I shouted up to Latimer.

"No you don't!" Kelly cried, stepping between me and the ladder, his right hand shaped into a veritable strangler's clutch. "You damn little sneak! I'll shut yer mouth!"

"Let him go," Leach commanded.

"Not on yer life," was the angry retort.

Leach never changed his position on the edge of the bunk. "Let him go, I say," he repeated; but this time his voice was gritty and metallic.

The Irishman wavered. I made to step by him, and he stood aside. When I had gained the ladder, I turned to the circle of brutal and malignant faces peering at me through the semidarkness. A sudden and deep sympathy welled up in me.

"I have seen and heard nothing, believe me," I said quietly.

"I tell yer, he's all right," I could hear Leach saying as I went up the ladder. "He don't like the old man no more nor you or me."

I found Wolf Larsen in the cabin, stripped and bloody, waiting for me. He greeted me with one of his whimsical smiles.

"Come, get to work, doctor. The signs are favorable for an extensive practice this voyage. I don't know what the Ghost would have been without you, and if I could only cherish such noble sentiments I would tell you her master is deeply grateful."

I knew the run of the simple medicine chest the Ghost carried, and while I was heating water on the cabin stove and getting the things ready for dressing his wounds, he moved about, laughing and chatting, and examining his hurts with a calculating eye. I had never before seen him stripped, and the sight of his body quite took my breath away. It has never been my weakness to exalt the flesh—far from it; but there is enough of the artist in me to appreciate its wonder.

Wolf Larsen was the man-type, the masculine, and almost a god in his perfectness. As he moved about or raised his arms the great muscles leapt and moved under the satiny skin. I have forgotten to say that the bronze ended with his face. His body, thanks to his Scandinavian stock, was fair as the fairest woman's. I remember his putting his hand up to feel of the wound on his head, and my watching the biceps move like a living thing under its white sheath. It was the biceps that had nearly crushed out my life once, that I had seen strike so many killing blows. I could not take my eyes from him. I stood motionless, a roll of antiseptic cotton in my hand unwinding and spilling itself down to the floor.

He noticed me, and I became conscious that I was staring at him.

"God made you well," I said.

He braced his legs and feet, pressing the cabin floor with his toes in a clutching sort of way. Knots and ridges and mounds of muscles writhed and bunched under the skin.

"Feel them," he commanded.

They were hard as iron. And I observed, also, that his whole body had unconsciously drawn itself together, tense and alert; that muscles were softly crawling and shaping about the hips, along the back, and across the shoulders; that the arms were slightly lifted, their muscles contracting, the fingers crooking till the hands were like talons; and that even the eyes had changed expression and into them were coming watchfulness and measurement and a light none other than of battle.

"Stability, equilibrium," he said, relaxing on the instant and sinking his body into repose. "Feet with which to clutch the ground, legs to stand on and to help withstand, while with arms and hands, teeth and nails, I struggle to kill and to be not killed. Purpose? Utility is the better word."

I did not argue. I had seen the mechanism of the primitive fighting beast, and I was as strongly impressed as if I had seen the engines of a great battleship or Atlantic liner.

I was surprised, considering the fierce struggle in the fore-castle, at the superficiality of his hurts, and I pride myself that I dressed them dexterously.

"By the way, Hump, as I have remarked, you are a handy man," Wolf Larsen began, when my work was done. "As you know, we're short a mate. Hereafter you shall stand watches, receive seventy-five dollars per month, and be addressed fore and aft as Mr. Van Weyden."

"I don't understand navigation, you know," I gasped.

"Not necessary at all."

"I really do not care to sit in the high places," I objected. "I find life

precious enough in my present humble situation. I have no experience. Mediocrity, you see, has its compensations."

He smiled as though it were all settled.

"I won't be mate on this hell-ship!" I cried defiantly.

I saw his face grow hard and the merciless glitter come into his eyes. He walked to the door of his room, saying:

"And now, Mr. Van Weyden, good night."

"Good night, Mr. Larsen," I answered weakly.

CHAPTER XIV.

I cannot say that the position of mate carried with it anything more joyful than that there were no more dishes to wash. I was ignorant of the simplest duties of mate, and would have fared badly indeed had the sailors not sympathized with me. I knew nothing of the minutiae of ropes and rigging, of the trimming and setting of sails; but the sailors took pains to put me to rights, Louis proving an espe-

IN THIS TALE
JACK LON-
DON'S SEA EX-
PERIENCE IS
USED WITH ALL
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HIS VIRILE PEN.

cially good teacher, and I had little trouble with those under me.

With the hunters it was otherwise. Familiar in varying degree with the sea, they took me as a sort of joke. In truth, it was a joke to me that I, the veriest landsman, should be filling the office of mate; but to be taken as a joke by others was a different matter. I made no complaint, but Wolf Larsen demanded the most punctilious sea etiquette in my case—far more than poor Johansen had ever received; and at the expense of several rows, threats and much grumbling, he brought the hunters to time. I was "Mr. Van Weyden" fore and aft, and it was only unofficially that Wolf Larsen himself ever addressed me as "Hump."

It was amusing. Perhaps the wind would haul a few points while we were at dinner, and as I left the table he would say, "Mr. Van Weyden, will you kindly put about on the port tack?" And I would go on deck, beckon Louis to me, and learn from him what was to be done. Then, a few minutes later, having digested his instructions and thoroughly mastered the maneuver, I would proceed to issue my orders. I remember an early instance of this kind, when Wolf Larsen appeared on the scene just as I had begun to give orders. He smoked his cigar and looked on quietly till the thing was accomplished, and then paced aft by my side along the weather poop.

"Hump," he said—"I beg pardon, Mr. Van Weyden—I congratulate you. I think you can now fire your father's legs back into the grave to him. You've discovered your own and learned to stand on them. A little ropework, sailmaking and experience with storms and such things, and by the end of the voyage you could ship on any coasting schooner."

It was during this period, between the death of Johansen and the arrival on the sealing grounds, that I passed my pleasantest hours on the Ghost. Wolf Larsen was quite considerate, the sailors helped me, and I was no longer in irritating contact with Thomas Murgidge. And I make free to say, as the days went by, that I found I was taking a certain secret pride in myself. Fantastic as the situation was—a landlubber second in command—I was, nevertheless, carrying it off well; and during that brief time I was proud of myself, and I grew to love the heave and roll of the Ghost under my feet as she wallowed north and west through the tropic sea to the islet where we filled our water casks.

But my happiness was not unalloyed. It was comparative, a period of less misery slipped in between a past of great miseries and a future of great miseries. For the Ghost, so far as the seamen were concerned, was a hell-ship of the worst description. They never had a moment's rest or peace. Wolf Larsen treasured against them the attempt on his life and the drubbing he had received in the fore-castle; and morning, noon and night, and all night as well, he devoted himself to making life unlivable for them. Leach and Johnson were the two particular victims of Wolf Larsen's diabolic temper, and the look of profound melancholy which had settled on Johnson's face and in his eyes made my heart bleed.

With Leach it was different. There was too much of the fighting beast in him. He seemed possessed by an insatiable fury which gave no time for grief. His lips had become distorted into a permanent snarl, which, at mere sight of Wolf Larsen, broke out in sound, horrible and menacing, and I do believe, unconsciously. I have seen him follow Wolf Larsen about with his eyes, like an animal its keeper, while the animal-like snarl sounded deep in his throat and vibrated forth between his teeth.

Both he and Johnson would have killed Wolf Larsen at the slightest opportunity, but the opportunity never came. Wolf Larsen was too wise for that, and besides, they had no adequate weapons. With their fists alone they had no chance whatever. Time and again he fought it out with Leach, who fought back, always, like a wildcat, tooth and nail and fist, until stretched, exhausted or unconscious, on the deck. And he was never averse to another encounter.

I often wondered why Wolf Larsen did not kill him and make an end of it. But he only laughed and seemed to enjoy it. There seemed a certain spice about it, such as men must feel who take delight in making pets of ferocious animals.

"It gives a thrill to life," he explained to me, "when life is carried in one's hand. Man is a natural gambler, and life is the biggest stake he can lay. The greater the odds the greater the thrill."

"Ah, but it is cowardly, cowardly!" I cried. "You have all the advan-

"Of the two of us, you and I, who is the greater coward?" he asked seriously. "If the situation is unpleasant, you compromise with your conscience when you make yourself a

party to it. If you were really great, really true to yourself, you would join forces with Leach and Johnson. But you are afraid. You want to live. The life that is in you cries out that it must live, no matter what the cost; so you live ignominiously, untrue to the best you dream of, sinning against your whole pitiful little code, and, if there were a hell, heading your soul straight for it. Bah! I play the braver part. I do not sin, for I am true to the promptings of the life that is in me. I am sincere with my soul at least, and that is what you are not."

There was a sting in what he said. Perhaps, after all, I was playing a cowardly part.

I pondered it long, lying sleepless in my bunk and reviewing in endless procession the facts of the situation. I talked with Johnson and Leach, during the night watches when Wolf Larsen was below. Both men had lost hope—Johnson, because of temperamental despondency; Leach, because he had beaten himself out in the vain struggle and was exhausted. But he caught my hand in a passionate grip one night, saying:

"I think yer square, Mr. Van Weyden. But stay where you are and keep your mouth shut. Say pothin' but saw wood. We're dead men. I know it."



I Have Seen Him Follow Wolf Larsen About With His Eyes.

but all the same you might be able to do us a favor some time when we need it damn bad."

It was only next day, when Walnwright Island loomed to windward, close ahead, that Wolf Larsen opened his mouth in prophecy. He had attacked Johnson, been attacked by Leach, and had just finished whipping the pair of them.

"Leach," he said, "you know I'm going to kill you some time or other, don't you?"

A snarl was the answer.

"And as for you, Johnson, you'll get so tired of life before I'm through with you that you'll fling yourself over the side. See if you don't."

"That's a suggestion," he added, in an aside to me. "I'll bet you a month's pay he acts upon it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HARD TO ESTIMATE CROWD

Few Civilians Are Able to Give Numbers of a Gathering—Army Officers Tell Secret.

It is remarkable how the average civilian overestimates the number of persons in a big procession. Take, for example, the recent demonstration in London. It was said that there were 15,000 men in line and some enthusiasts put it even at 20,000. But it is easy to estimate such numbers approximately, says London Tit-Bits. Here is the rule as laid down in the "Field Service Regulations" of the United States army:

"The strength of a body of troops may be estimated from the length of time it takes to pass a given point. Assuming that infantry in column of fours occupies half a yard per man, cavalry one yard per trooper and artillery in single column per gun or caisson, a given point would be passed in one minute by about 175 infantry, 110 cavalry at a walk, 200 cavalry at a trot and five guns or caissons."

Allowing for spacing between companies, battalions and regiments, all of which is according to mathematical rule, it takes a regiment of 1,000 men divided into battalions just ten minutes to pass, or at the rate of 6,000 an hour. And this supposes no breaks in the line.

These rules, it must be remembered, are for trained soldiers used to a long step and to keeping up without straggling. No civilians, even militant suffragettes, ever kept or could keep up this pace.

Distinguished Italian Sailor.

Vice-Admiral Camillo Corai, successor to Admiral Viale as minister of the Italian navy, is a Roman by birth, fifty-five years of age. He carries to his high office a well-balanced experience, both in ministerial and staff work, and in responsible command during actual warfare. He was chief secretary to Admiral Miraballo when that capable officer was minister of the navy during a period of important naval reforms. Early in his career he spent many years in navigation in charge of a schooner, and during the war with Turkey he had the supervision of the transportation of the Italian troops to Africa, and later was in command of one of the Italian naval squadrons which took possession of several islands in the Aegean.

FOR BETTER ROADS

GOOD ROADS AROUND A FARM

Driveways Are Frequently of Sufficient Importance to Warrant Some Surface Improvement.

(From Weekly News Letter, United States Department of Agriculture.)

Roads and drives immediately around the farm yards and barns which are used very frequently are usually of sufficient importance to warrant some surface improvement. Very light or extremely sandy soils cut up badly in dry weather, while certain heavy and absorbent soils become very sticky and soft during the rainy season. Where any considerable amount of hauling is necessary, roads over soils of this character may require to be surfaced.

Many of the materials ordinarily employed in road construction will be



Improved Farm Driveway.

found too expensive for use in improving the farm roads. One or more of the following will, however, usually be found available and within the means of the farmer for surfacing his roads and paths: Gravel, mixtures of sand and clay, cinders, brickbats from old buildings, brick-yard waste and quarry waste. The material selected should, however, be hard enough to withstand crushing under heavy loads and possess sufficient binding power to compact well and maintain a firm, hard surface under all ordinary weather conditions.

Drainage and a good foundation are the first considerations in improving a road with a hard surface. The best possible foundation is a good earth road with a low crown. Earth shoulders may be graded upon each side to prevent the surfacing material from spreading, as in the construction of an ordinary macadam road. The material used for surfacing should be placed in a uniform layer or layers on this foundation and should be given a sufficient crown to shed the rain waters to the sides. If a road roller can be secured the material may be quickly consolidated, otherwise considerable time will be required for it to be consolidated by the traffic. During this process the road should receive frequent attention with a split-log drag or other means for smoothing the surface and filling the ruts. On steep grades where there would be a tendency for the side ditches to wash, this can usually be overcome by providing outlets and getting the water away from the road before it accumulates in large volume. On roads where wagons will not be required to pass each other, a width of from nine to twelve feet between ditches will usually be sufficient. The surfaced portion need rarely exceed seven or eight feet. There is no particular virtue in building a farm road wider than is necessary to answer the special traffic requirements. The need or desirability of moving occasionally extra wide or heavy implements, such as certain harvesting machinery, over the roads should, however, not be lost sight of. A little foresight in the alignment of ditches, in providing ample width of gates, or of giving extra strength to culverts, may save a great deal of both annoyance and delay during some very busy period.

Good Roads Booster.

There's one sure way to make every citizen a booster for good roads: buy him an automobile.

Silage Is Much Cheapest.

At the Ohio station silage produced milk for 68 cents per 100 pounds and butterfat at 13 cents per pound. The grain ration produced milk at \$1.05 per 100 pounds and butterfat for 22 cents a pound.

Have Good Roads.

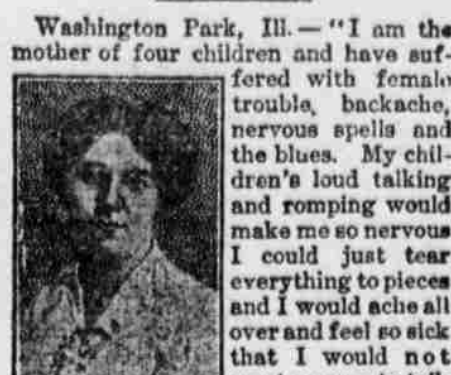
Good roads may be had by dragging. Use the drag.

Build Better Roads.

Every rain is an argument for the \$65-day road.

I OWE MY HEALTH

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Washington Park, Ill.—"I am the mother of four children and have suffered with female trouble, backache, nervous spells and the blues. My children's loud talking and romping would make me so nervous I could just tear everything to pieces and I would ache all over and feel so sick that I would not want anyone to talk to me at times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills restored me to health and I want to thank you for the good they have done me. I have had quite a bit of trouble and worry but it does not affect my youthful looks. My friends say 'Why do you look so young and well?' I owe it all to the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies."

—Mrs. ROBT. STROPEL, Moore Avenue, Washington Park, Illinois.

We wish every woman who suffers from female troubles, nervousness, backache or the blues could see the letters written by women made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of charge.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Bilelessness, Sick Headache and indigestion, as millions know. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

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The Only One.

"Can you propose any remedy for this deadlock?"

"Yes; why not use a skeleton key?"

BANISH PIMPLES QUICKLY

Easily and Cheaply by Using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

Smear the pimples lightly with Cuticura Ointment on end of finger and allow it to remain on five minutes. Then bathe with hot water and Cuticura Soap and continue some minutes. This treatment is best upon rising and retiring, but is effective at any time. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Misunderstood.

"Are you a plain cook?"

"I suppose I could be purtier, mum."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of J. C. Fletcher

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The traveler wants full fare at hotels, but he doesn't object to half fare on railroads.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Druggists refund money if Doan's Ointment fails to cure itching, bleeding or protruding piles. First application gives relief. 50c.

And the smaller the girl the larger the doll necessary to satisfy her incipient maternal instinct.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Motto of the confidence man: "Watch and prey."

Makes Work a Burden

A bad back makes hard work harder. All day the dull throbs and the sharp, darting pains make you miserable, and there's no rest at night. Maybe it's your daily work that hurts the kidneys, for jarring, jolting, lifting, reaching, dampness and many other strains do weaken them. Cure the kidneys. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands and should do as well for you. Thousands recommend them.

An Iowa Case

J. D. Hayden, Route No. 1, Viola, Iowa, says: "Hard work weakened my kidneys and caused backache. When I stooped a sharp pain seized me, nearly doubling me up. My kidneys acted too frequently and the secretions were highly colored. Finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they rid me of the ailments."

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